

MILKWAFFER

by VAUGHN BODÉ

5

COME.



250¢

ADULTS ONLY

JUNKWAFFEL #5

EDITORIAL

The JUNKWAFFEL books were designed by Vaughn Bode to be a collection of the parts of his work that were never widely read because of their frequently obscure first printings. As there is still a lot of artwork left in this category, it is our intention to finish the project started by Vaughn by publishing this and one or two more issues of JUNKWAFFEL.

The widely read parts of Vaughn's work — the "Erotica" and "Cheech Wizard" pages of the CAVALIER, SWANK and NATIONAL LAMPOON magazines, will also soon see reprint in a series of 8½" x 11" soft-cover albums in full color. The first album is scheduled for 1983 in English and foreign languages. So, watch out, Bode lovers!

In order to finish these projects we are now starting, we need the help and cooperation of all you Bode collectors. A portion of the original artwork is in the possession of private collectors. In order to reproduce these pages the best possible way, we need to borrow the original art you have. Everything will be handled with the greatest of care, and returned promptly to you after photographing (you won't have to wait until the pages are published to get the artwork back — we just need it a couple of weeks). All costs will be covered by us.

If you own any original artwork by Vaughn Bode and would like to help us complete our project, please write to Barbara Bode at the address below, or call. We will need a description of the artwork you have, and your name and address. Don't send any originals before you get further instructions!

If you would like to be advised of upcoming Bode projects (T-shirts, etchings, posters, etc.), send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the address below and you will be put on our permanent mailing list and informed promptly of our upcoming projects.

There are also a limited number of Bode originals for sale, prices ranging from \$400-\$3,000.

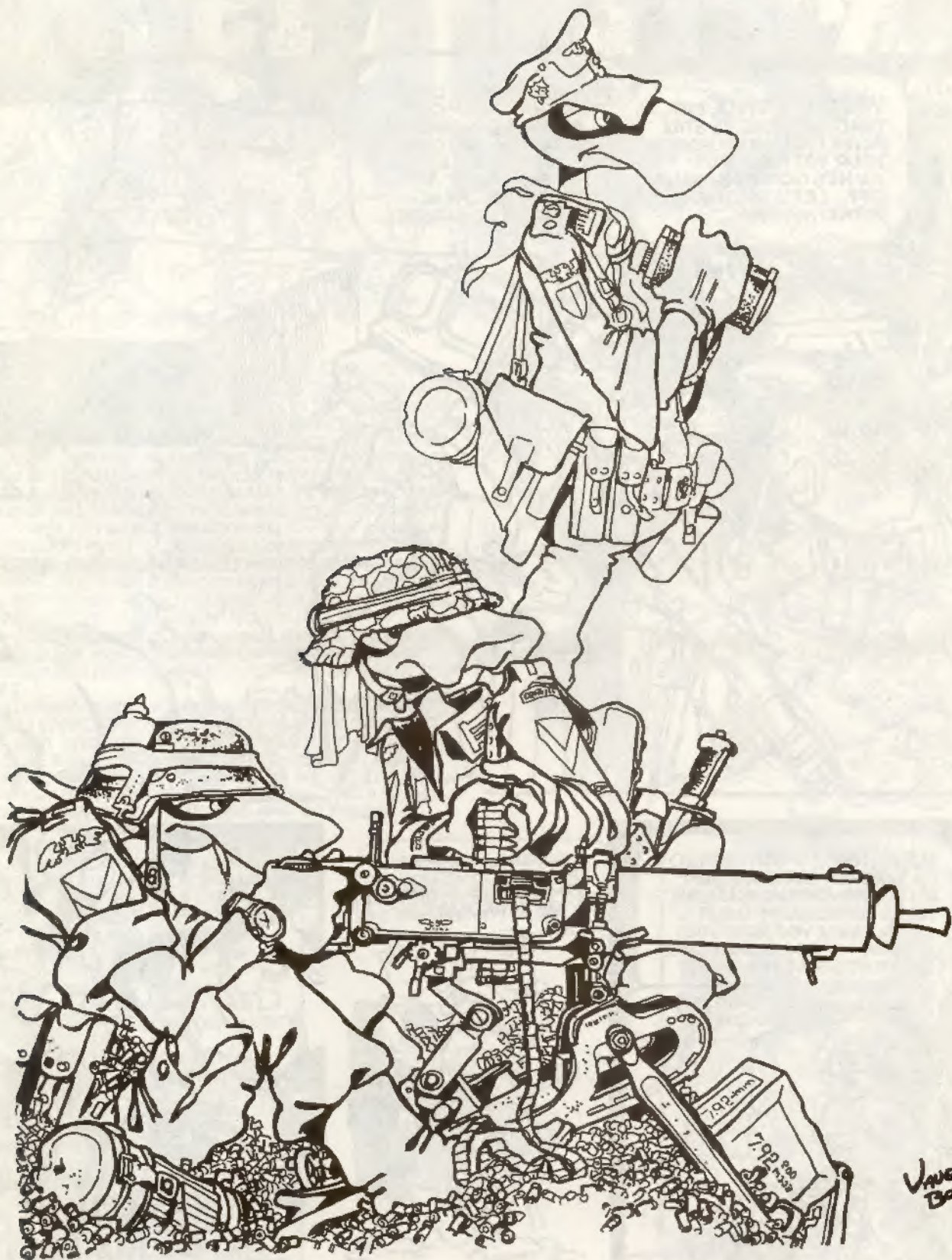
Hope to hear from you... and thank you for any help you can give us in getting Vaughn's work out there again.

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CONTENTS

- EDITORIAL
- MILITARY LIZARDS IN
MACHINE GUN NEST (SINGLE PAGE ILLO)
- "THE JUNKWAFFEL INVASION OF
KRUPPENNY ISLAND"
- "WAR LIZARDS"

- "NO NAME"
- "JUNKWAFFEL" (SUNDAY PAGE)
- "ZOOKS — THE FIRST LIZARD IN ORBIT"
- "PUCK"
- ADVERTISEMENT
- SPACE SHIP (SINGLE PAGE ILLO)



THE JUNKWAFFEL INVASION OF KRUPPENNY ISLAND

WATCH IT STUPID, DAT
TOAD IN THERE IS STILL
ALIVE! YOU KEEP POAKIN'
YOUR FAT MOUTH IN
AN HE'S GONNA BLOW IT
OFF... LET'S TOSS IN A
POTATO MASHER.....

NO, NOW QUIET I CAN
TALK THA' CREEP OUT...
...AY TOAD?... COME ON
OUT TOAD!.. YOU COME
OUT AN YOU'LL GET
SOME CHOCOLATE AN
CIGARETTES... REAL
JUNKWAFFEL CIGARETTES...

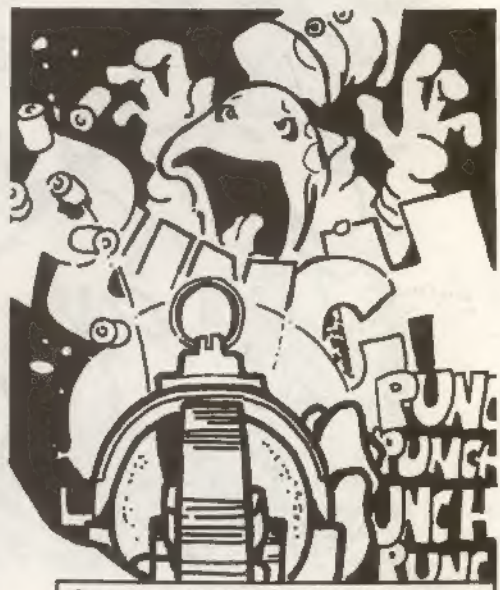


VAUGHN
BODE
68

OKAY, I COMIN' OUT, LIZARD!!
I IS THROWIN DOWN MY GUN
AN SURRENDERIN' ACCORDIN'
TO DA ARTICLES OF WAR...
... YOU ANH, YOU SURE YOU
GONNA LAY SOME CHOCOLATE
AN STUFF ON ME IF I COMES
OUT?...
I SAID I WOULD
DIDN'T I?...

I SAID I WOULD
DIDN'T I?...

HERE I IS... GIMME'
MY CHOCOLATE...



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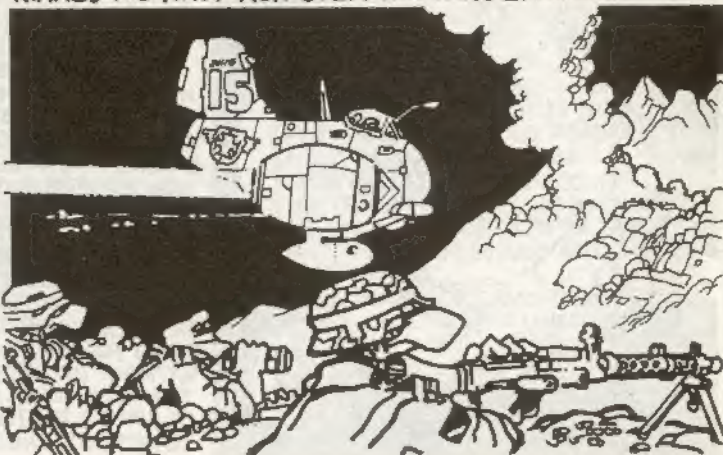
MORE CHOCOLATE?..
HEY, HOW COME YOU
USIN' 9MM
ARMOR PIERCING
AMMO ANYWAY?

ALWAYS USE IT..
NEVER CAN TELL
WHEN SOME
SMELLY TOAD
GONNA COME
ALONG AN
SURRENDER
WHEN HE'S STILL
WEARIN' HIS
ARMOR VEST...

BURRRRRUP!



THE JUNKWAFFEL PARATROOPERS PUSH INLAND WITH
LIGHT RESISTANCE UNTIL THEY REACH A LOW RANGE
OF ROCKY HILLS...THE TOADS ARE SO DEEPLY ENTRENCHED
THE LIZARD GROUND FORCES HAVE TO CALL FOR AN AIR-
STRIKE...THE AIRFORCE POLLYWOG-17 FIGHTER-BOMBER
MAKES ITS FIRST RUN OVER THE TARGET AREA...



YOU MAY SCOFF WHEN I TELL YOU THE STATISTICS OF
THIS FIERCE, BUT TINY WAR...YOU MAY THINK THIS WAR
IS UNIMPORTANT WHEN COMPARED TO THE ENORMOUS
CONFLICTS THAT RAGE ACROSS THE SURFACES OF YAST
PLANETS, EVEN WHOLE SOLAR SYSTEMS...YOU MAY INDEED
WONDER IF THIS WAR AGAINST THE TOADS ON KRUPPENNY
ISLAND IS SIGNIFICANT IN THE GRAND SCHEME OF
LIZARD EXPANSION IN THE GALAXY...IT ISN'T!.. THIS
WAR IS OF NO CONSEQUENCE WHATEVER!..THE WHOLE
ACTION WILL NEVER BE MENTIONED ON THE NEWS OF
THE SMALLEST PLANETS!..TO THE BILLIONS OF JUNKWAFFEL
AND OTHER GIANT LIZARD RACES, KRUPPENNY HAS NO
MEANING...IS IT THEN, A BLOODY SENSELESS CONFLICT?..
NOT ENTIRELY, NOT WHEN IT SERVES AS A FIRST VEHICLE
OF INTRODUCTION TO EARTH, TO YOU...

THIS WAR, THIS AWFUL, THIS TINY, THIS AWFUL TINY WAR
IS STAGED FOR YOUR BEGINNING COMPREHENSION OF
THE UNCOMPREHENDABLE ENORMITY OF THE GALACTIC
LIZARD...

WHAT OTHER MORE SUITABLE APPROACH CAN ONE USE?..
COULD I EFFECTIVELY SHOW A TYPICAL JUNKWAFFEL
WAR THAT INVOLVES 70,000 INFANTRY DIVISIONS?...
OF COURSE NOT, UNCOMPREHENDABLE, TOO ALIEN
TO OUR FIXED PROPORTIONALIZED MENTALITIES...

I THINK IT BEST WE DWELL ON A CONTROLLABLE SCALE,
A WAR THAT INVOLVES 36 LIZARDS AND 50 TOADS.....

POPP
ROGER, GROUND COMMAND,
I PUT TWO CANS OF NAPALM
IN DAT TRENCH... OVER...
UM?... AHM...NEGATIVE, I WANT
TO MAKE A CANNON PASS
BEFORE YOU MOVE YOUR
PEOPLE UP... OVER.....



IF THERE IS A NATURAL ORDER IN
THE UNIVERSE, IT MUST BE THE
LIZARD...OF ALL LIVING CREATURES
IN OUR GALAXY NO LIFE FORM IS
SO WIDE SPREAD, SO DIVERSE IN
THEIR CULTURAL AND SOCIOLOGICAL
EVOLVEMENT...THERE ARE 700
DIFFERENT SPECIES OF BI-POD
LIZARDS RANGING FROM THE
DEPLORABLY MORONIC TO THE
SUPERBLY COOL, FROM CAVE DWELLERS
TO STAR HOPPERS...

THE JUNKWAFFEL, A SOCIOLISTICALLY
ORIENTATED CIVILIZATION, ROUGHLY
PARALLELS OUR EARTH OF 1939 OR 40,
WITH THE EXCEPTION OF ADVANCED
AERONAUTICAL CONCEPTS AND A
CONTROL OF PLANETS SPREAD ACROSS
27 SOLAR SYSTEMS!

HOMO-SAPIENS THINKS 'HE' IS A
WAR-LIKE CREATURE, A REAPER OF
LIVING THINGS.....

THE JUNKWAFFEL MUST PUT US TO
SHAME...THEY ARE WHOLLY DEVOTED
TO THE GAME OF CIVILIZED MURDER..

POPP
...AHM G.C. THIS IS PW-17..
MY CANNON RUN LOOKS
GOOD.. NO SIGN OF LIFE
IN THA TRENCH NOW...POPP



THEY REMINDS ME OF
MARSHMALLOWS...YOU
EVER ROAST MARSH-
MALLOWS?..

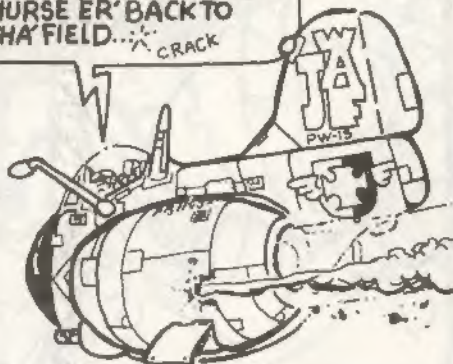
SHUTUP...





PW-PILOT THIS IS MAJOR VON BEAN, THA MAIN TOAD BATTERY HAS US PINPOINTED! YOU GOTTA HIT IT FOR US BEFORE WE GET WIPED OUT!!

PUT
AHH NEGATIVE, MAJOR... I PICKED UP A 20 MM SHELL IN MY NUMBER TWO, ... LOSING OIL PRESSURE PRETTY FAST... HAVE TO NURSE ER' BACK TO THA FIELD... CRACK



PILOT OFFICER RASEBERRY BLASTED KRUPPENNY'S BEACHES FOR FOUR HOURS BEFORE THE TRANSPORT TOOK OFF FOR ITS THIRTY MINUTE FLIGHT TO THE COMBAT AREA... THE BIG TROOP PLANE CARRIED TWENTY CRACK JUNKWAFFEL PARACHUTISTS OF THE PUNT-15, 1ST AIRBORNE COMPANY... DESPITE THE SOUND POUNDING THE PW-17 GAVE THE TOADS THEY STILL PUT UP A DANGEROUS AMOUNT OF HEAVY AND LIGHT CALIBER FLACK... VON RASBERRY FLEW COVER FOR THE TRANSPORT ROLLING IN TIME AND AGAIN IN ATTEMPTS TO SILENCE THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT IN AND AROUND FORT WART... THE TRANSPORT, AN OLD DANDALION C-23 B MADE TWO PRELIMINARY RUNS TO MARK WIND-DRIFT, ALL THE WHILE UNDER FIRE... DESPITE A FEW SMALL ARMS HITS IN THE FUSELAGE AND TAIL THE GROUND FIRE WAS INEFFECTIVE... THE DROP BEGAN...



THAT ROTTEN PILOT!! BUGGED OUT ON US!! LEFT US IN THA LURCH!! LEFT US TO DIE!!!

GET A HOLD OF YERSELF BLUEPETAL!! HE'S GONNA COME BACK SOON AS HE CAN... BLUEPETAL BOY, YA HEAR ME?... HUH?..

THE TRANSPORT PILOT, MORELY BUN, SET HIS DROP UP FROM NORTH TO SOUTH ALONG THE COAST... ONE AFTER THE OTHER THE DASHING CHUTISTS DROPPED AWAY FROM 1,500 METERS... THEN, HALFWAY INTO THE DROP A NEAR BURST OF FLACK WRECKED THE COCKPIT!! THE EXPLOSION WAS SO VIOLENT IT DESTROYED THE CO-PILOT, HANS KRINKEL, AND SEVERELY WOUNDED PILOT, BUN... STUNNED, BUN BANKED OFF TO THE RIGHT OF HIS COURSE, OUT OVER THE SEA... THE REMAINING EIGHT JUNKWAFFELS, THINKING THE SHIP WAS IN ITS DEATH PLUNGE, BAILED OUT... THEY ALL DROWNED!... BUN MANAGED TO GAIN CONTROL OF THE C-23 AND CRASH LANDED SAFELY ON THE END OF THE TIN FACTORY RUNWAY... OF THE TWELVE CHUTISTS JUMPED OVER THE TARGET: ONE PARACHUTE FAILED TO DEPLOY, KILLING ITS WEARER, AND ANOTHER CHUTIST WAS GUNNED TO DEATH AS HE DRIFTED TO THE GROUND...



WHAT LEAVES TEN JUNKWAFFEL PARATROOPERS TO DRIVE THE WELL ENTRENCHED, WELL FORTIFIED, FANATICALLY DETERMINED TOADS OFF KRUPPENNY IS...



WE'RE ALL DOOMED!

AND OF THOSE TEN PARATROOPER LIZARDS, TWO HAVE JUST BEEN HIT WITH A HIGH-EXPLOSIVE SHELL...



MOTHER?.. ZAT YOU MOTHER?..

BLUE-PETAL!! IS THIS THE END!!

WARLIZARDS di VAUGHN BODE ©

US

BODE ©

LISTEN,
ANYONE
WHO AIN'T
ONE OF **US**
IS A **GOOK**.

YEAH, I KNOWS WHAT YA
MEAN, I SURE GLAD I IS
A JEWISH DELI OWNER
FROM DA BRONX.

YOU IS A **FUKIN'**
GOOK, TOO.



TWO...

SN
DO
BODE ©

DID YOU FUK DAT
BAR GOOK TOO,
YOU KNOW, WHAT'S
HER NAME?

CLAP TRAP
ANNIE.



3DO

I FUK'D ANNIE,
DA WHOLE PLATOON DID.
WE NOT KNOWN AS DA
FIGHTIN HORNYLZARDS
FOR NOTHIN!



SHE GOT
A LITTLE
BABY
YOU KNOW.

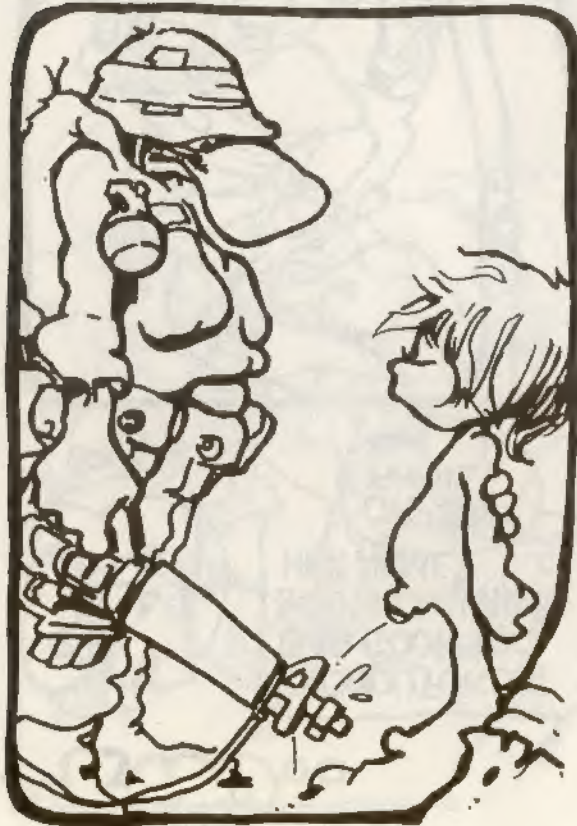
WE FUK'D
DAT TOO.



THREE...

NO
ONE

KID,
YOU IS
PISSIN'
ON MY
GUN.



DON'T EVER DO THAT AGAIN.
NEVER... NEVER... NEVER...
OR WHEN YER 19 I'LL COME BACK
AN BLOW YER FUKIN' HEAD OFF,
SAVVY?



SHIT, I'M TIRED.



FOUR....



MAMA...

I GOT TO GO HOME NOW.

I DON'T WANT TO PLAY NO MORE.



I DON'T KNOW WHO I AM...WHERE I COME FROM BEFORE THIS PLACE...
 I KNOW I WAS SOMETHING BEFORE, SOMEWHERE, BUT I CAN NEVER
 REMEMBER...I THINK ALWAYS I WAS HERE, IN THE TUNNELS, AND I DON'T
 KNOW HOW TO GET OUT...I THINK I AM LOST.....THERE IS WIND
 COMING DOWN FROM A SHAFT IN THE CAVERN ROOF. SOMETIMES IT
 IS COLD AND I WONDER IF IT COMES FROM WHERE I WAS ONCE.....
 I TRIED TO CLIMB ONE...A FEW SLEEPS AGO.... I WANT TO SAY A WEEK
 AGO, BUT WHAT IS A WEEK?...A FEW SLEEPS AGO I GOT UP INTO A WIND
 SHAFT...THE ROCK IN HERE IS SOMETIMES CRUMBLY, LIKE SAND STONE, BUT
 IF I'M CAREFUL I CAN CLIMB REAL GOOD...I GOT UP THE SHAFT MAYBE...AHH,
 THREE TIMES AS HIGH AS THIS BIG ROOM BEFORE I FELL..A BIG PIECE OF
 ROCK CAME AWAY AND I FELL...I HIT THE WALL OF THE SHAFT, BOUNCED
 OFF AND WOKE UP A LONG TIME LATER...THAT WAS A HIGH FALL, IT
 SHOULDA' KILLED ME, BUT IT DIDN'T...I WAS SORE, AN I WAS BLEEDIN' A
 LITTLE, BUT I WASN'T DEAD....HUM, THAT WIND GETS TOO COLD SOMETIMES,
 I THINK I MIGHT GO DOWN INTO SOME OTHER CAVERN..RED ONES ARE ALWAYS
 WARM AND DRY...BLUE ONES, LIKE THIS ARE USUALLY JUST RIGHT...BUT THIS IS
 TOO COLD NOW....I..JUST THOUGHT I WOULD LIKE TO WRITE MY NAME..I'M
 NOT SURE WHY THINGS HAVE TO HAVE NAMES, BUT I FEEL THEY DO..LIKE, IF I
 NAME A ROCK THEN IT IS NOT JUST ANY ROCK....I DON'T HAVE ONE...A
 NAME...I CAN'T REMEMBER IF I EVER DID, BUT I WANT ONE IF I CAN FIND
 ONE....SEE, I'M SITTING HERE WRITING IN A BIG MUSTY OLD BOOK I FOUND.
 IT'S A JOURNAL IT SAYS AND I JUST GOT CONELY TO TALK INTO IT..MAYBE TO SAY
 THE THINGS I SEE AN WHERE I GO AN WHAT I THINK...I MEET THINGS IN THE
 TUNNELS BUT IT'S NOT JUST THE WAY I NEED IT...I CAN'T EXPLAIN WHY EXACTLY,
 I FEEL I WANT TO DOME IN THIS JOURNAL..NATURALLY I WILL BE THE ONLY ONE
 THAT READS IT...I'LL GO AWAY AND THEN COME BACK AN WRITE WHAT I DID
 AN THEN I'LL READ WHAT I SAID BEFORE....THAT WIND...MAKES SOUNDS...
 SAD DEEP DOWN SOUNDS THAT COME TO TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT
 SOMETHING...BUT I DON'T KNOW...I'M DOWN IN A WORLD OF CAVES AN
 TUNNELS THAT GO ON FOREVER AN EVER, IN ALL DIRECTIONS...AND I'M
 DOWN IN HERE AND I CAN'T GET OUT AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY I
 WANT TO SO MUCH...MAYBE THAT'S WHERE MY NAME IS, OUTSIDE, UP
 THERE OR DOWN THERE OR AROUND THERE OR WHEREVER OUTSIDE
 IS...WHEN I WOKE UP IN THE TUNNELS I ALMOST HAD A NAME, BUT
 IT SORT OF DRIFTED AWAY AN I LAUGHED AN MADE UP A SONG ABOUT
 ME NOT HAVING A NAME, NO NAME...I JUST WALKED DOWN TUNNELS
 THAT ECHOED MY SONG BACK AT ME...SO, SINCE THEN, I HAVEN'T GOT
 A NAME, BUT UNTIL I FIND ONE THAT WAS MINE I CALL MYSELF, NO NAME....

N.J. EnTry No. 1, P.5



NONAME

REWRITTEN AND REDRAWN FROM
 THE NOTES AND SKETCHES IN
 NONAMES JOURNAL BY
 VAUGHN FREDRIK BODE 'ALSO
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...I AM STILL SHAKING A LITTLE... SEE, 'TODAY' I WAS WALKIN' THROUGH A GREEN CAVERN THAT HAS TWO THOUSAND MUSHROOMS GROWIN' ON THE WALLS AND FLOORS... I WALKED REAL HAPPY INSIDE AND I EVEN DID SOME SINGING... I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT I JUST FELT HAPPY TO WAKE UP AND NOT BE COLD... I GUESS IT WAS A GOOD IDEA TO MOVE TO A WARM RED CAVERN.. I FOUND A PERFECT CAVE HOLE (IN THE WALL) AND NOW THAT'S MY HOUSE AN WHERE I DO MY WRITING... BUT, WOOSH, DID I WALK A LONG WAYS!!.. BEFORE I GOT THROUGH THE MUSHROOM PLACE I HAD TO SIT DOWN AN REST UP.. I GOT UP AND STARTED OFF... THE MUSHROOMS WERE GETTING VERY BIG.. BIGGER AND BIGGER AS I WENT ON... THERE WAS A LOT OF WATER ON THE FLOOR IN LITTLE POOLS... I WAS THIRSTY ALL OF A SUDDEN... SO I DRANK UP A TINY PUDDLE... THAT'S WHEN I FOUND OUT THAT MUSHROOMS IN THAT CAVE ARE ALIVE... A GREAT BIG ONE SHOOK ITS PULPY TOR... I LOOKED AT IT CLOSE AND IT LEANED AWAY!... I BACKED OFF AN IT STRAIGHTENED UP... I KEPT DOING THAT AND IT KEPT DOING THAT... I TOUCHED IT WITH A FINGER AN IT STARTED SNEEZING!.. YEAH.. I KINDA TICKLED IT AND 'AHHA'.. CHOO! CLEAR AS DAY, ITS SNEEZED.. I NEVER SAW A MUSHROOM THAT DOES THAT AND I WAS IN A GOOD MOOD SO I LAUGHED.. AN HOLY SMOKE! EVERY MUSHROOM IN THE CAVERN STARTED!.. SNICKERS AT FIRST, THEN GIGGLES AND FINALLY THE WHOLE PLACE WAS ROARING NOISEY, SQUEEKY LAUGHS THAT MADE ME KEEP MY MOUTH OPEN JUST STARING... AFTER AWHILE ALL THE NOISE OF 2,000 MUSHROOMS BEGAN TO BOTHER MY EARS... THEY DIDN'T STOP, THEY JUST WENT ON AN ON LAUGHING AN LAUGHING... I PUT MY HANDS OVER MY EARS AN YELLED: "BE QUIET MUSH ROO OOMS!" BUT THEY WOULDN'T LISTEN AND EVEN SEEMED TO LAUGH LOUDER... OH NOW THAT BEGAN TO HURT MY EARS AN THAT WASN'T VERY FUNNY. I YELLED AT THEM AGAIN AND AGAIN....





AND NO KIDDING, AS MUCH AS I YELLED AND HOLLARED FOR THEM TO STOP THEY DID IT LOUDER... FINALLY I GOT UP AND KICKED ONE OF THEM... IT SCREAMED, 'OUCH' AND FLOPPED OVER LIKE A DEAD BALLOON... I TRIED TO STRAIGHTEN IT BACK UP... MAYBE IT WASN'T REALLY DEAD, JUST KNOCKED-OUT... TOO BAD IT WAS DEAD ALRIGHT... HIS FRIENDS LAUGHED LOUDER, BOUNCED UP AND DOWN LIKE THEY WERE TRYING TO UPROOT THEMSELVES... I CLAPPED MY HANDS OVER MY EARS TIGHT AS I COULD AND STARTED RUNNING REAL FAST ACROSS THE BIG CAVE FLOOR... THEY JUST KEPT IT UP AS I RAN BY... IT WAS LIKE BEING PUSHED THROUGH A THUNDER DRUM... IT WAS SO LOUD I TRIPPED AND FELL 'SPLASH' RIGHT INTO A POOL OF COLD WATER.... I GUESS I WAS KIND OF SCARED AND SO I STARTED CRYING A LITTLE... I STOOD IN THE MIDDLE OF THE POOL CRYING A LITTLE AND THEY ALL STOPPED LAUGHING... IT WAS SO QUIET I HEARD THAT I WAS KINDA CRYING TO LOUD... I SNIFFED AND WADED OUT OF THE WATER... I THOUGHT THE MUSHROOMS WEREN'T SO BAD AFTER ALL, THEY JUST GOT TO EXCITED AND DIDN'T MEAN TO SCARE ME... I LEANED OVER AND POTTED A FAT ONE ON THE HEAD... IT SNEEZED: ANHCHOO AND THEN IT STARTED CRYING!... AND OH NO, ALL THE OTHERS DID TOO!... I CAN RUN FAST AND BOY DID I RUN OUT OF THERE!... THEY WERE CRYING SO LOUD I THOUGHT THE ROOF WOULD REALLY FALL IN... I SCRAMBLED UP A BUNCH OF ROCKS AND RAN INTO A SMALL TUNNEL... IT LED UPWARDS FOR AWHILE THEN TURNED A SHARP CORNER AND STARTED DOWN... I STOPPED TO LISTEN. WAY OFF IN THE DISTANCE I THOUGHT I COULD HEAR HUNDREDS OF TINY VOICES TALKING ABOUT SOMETHING



YOU KNOW WHAT THOUGH, I DIDN'T KEEP RUNNING WHEN I HEARD ALL THOSE LITTLE VOICES... I GOT TOO CURIOUS SO I DECIDED TO SNEAK BACK TO SEE WHAT WAS HAPPENING.. I GOT DOWN LOW AN CREEPED LIKE A CAREFUL CATERPILLAR RIGHT UP TO THE TUNNEL MOUTH... I COULD LOOK DOWN AN SEE THE WHOLE CAVERN.. THEY HAD MOVED!.. THEY WERE DOWN OFF THE WALLS AND UP OFF THE FLOOR ALL SITTING ON THE MOST GIGANTIC MUSHROOM I EVER SAW! IT WAS HUGE!.. TWENTY, OR THIRTY TIMES MY SIZE.. AND ALL OF THEM WERE SITTING ON ITS GREAT FLAT HEAD, TALKING AND YABBERING REAL EXCITED... I LISTENED AND THEY WERE SAYING DUMB THINGS LIKE; "DID IT, DID IT, ROOT WALKER, WATER EATER, LOW STANDER KILLER, DEFLATER.." IT WAS TOO MUCH TO UNDERSTAND OR MAKE SENSE OUT OF BUT THEN THE GREAT MUSHROOM SPOKE AT THEM, "OOOCH.. SHHH.. BE ALL CALM.. YOU DID A RIGHT THING IN YOUR DEFENSE AN NOW THE ROOT WALKER WILL NOT ENTER HERE AGAIN.. NO... NOW SHHH.. IT IS YOUR NAP TIME AN IF YOU WANT TO GROW YOU MUST HAVE SLEEP.. SO CLIMB DOWN AND GO TO YOUR SPOTS" I WATCHED THEM SCRAMBLE DOWN THE MOTHER MUSHROOM, AND SCUTTLE TO THEIR SLEEPING SPOTS.. WHEN THEY WERE ALL QUIET AGAIN THE GIANT MOVED SLOWLY AWAY AND FINALLY OUT OF SIGHT AROUND A CLIFF AT THE FAR END OF THE CAVERN... I WAS LAYING IN THE TUNNEL FOR AWHILE... I WATCHED THE BABY MUSHROOMS AN THOUGHT I WOULD YELL DOWN AT THEM OR SOMETHING JUST TO SEE WHAT WOULD HAPPEN... I TOOK A DEEP BREATH AN WAS JUST SET TO HOLLAR OUT, 'YA CAN'T SCARE A FLEA,' WHEN THE FLOOR OF THE TUNNEL STARTED MOVING PAST ME!.. THE WHOLE TUNNEL WAS MOVING! AND, WAIT! IT WASN'T MOVING, 'I WAS MOVING!.. I WAS SLIDING BACK UP THE TUNNEL!! HOLY SMOKES!.. I WAS SLIDIN' UP AN I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT! I GRABBED A PASSING ROCK AND HELD ON AS HARD AS I COULD.. I STOPPED BUT I FELT SOMETHING PULLING AT MY LEG.. I LOOKED BACK AND SAW A WHITE ROPE WRAPPED AROUND MY LEG!.. I REACHED DOWN IT GAVE A YANK AN I WAS SLIDING UP AGAIN...

I WAS BEING DRAGGED UP THE TUNNEL BY A STICKY WHITE ROPE!...BY WHAT!? IT PULLED ME ALL THE WAY UP AND AROUND THE SAME SHARP CORNER WHERE I WAS LISTENING...IT STOPPED PULLING ME...I QUICK GOT UP AN TRIED TO UNDO THE FLY PAPER STUFF."DON'T TOUCH IT!"...I LOOKED UP...NOTHING...I STARTED PULLING AGAIN.."HEY..DON'T TOUCH IT,I SAID!"...I LOOKED AROUND, I SAW A ROUND HOLE IN THE TUNNEL FLOOR...THE ROPE CAME FROM THE HOLE...I CRAWLED CLOSER TO GET A LOOK.."YOU IN THERE" I SAID.."YES" IT SAID BACK..IT WAS A RATHER SMALL HOLE...I LOOKED DOWN IN AND IN THE BLACK I SAW ONE RED EYE.."LET ME GO," I SAID..."NO, I'M GOING TO PULL YOU DOWN HERE, INJECT YOU WITH A PARALYZING JUICE, WRAP YOU UP AN STORE YOU IN MY CUPBOARD!"...I WAITED...I COULD HEAR IT DOING SOMETHING IN THE DARK "THEN WHAT?" I ASKED..."THEN I'LL EAT YOU, BUT THAT WON'T BE UNTIL I FINISH UP THE TWO LIZARDS AN THE SIX FOOT TALL MOUSE WITH THE GOLD SPURRS".....I YANKED AND TUGGED FURIOUSLY AT THE STICKY ROPE, BUT I COULDN'T GET UNDONE...THE THING IN THE HOLE GAVE THE ROPE SUCH A JOLT I FELL ON MY BACK...ANOTHER PULL AND I SHOT TO THE HOLE..ANOTHER, AND I WAS HALF IN!..I SCREAMED LIKE MAD AND KICKED AT THE BIG HAIRY SOMETHING...BUT IT GRABBED MY LEGS AND YANKED ME INTO THE BLACK PIT.....I WAS SCREAMIN' AN CRYIN' AN KICKIN' BUT IT WAS GONNA INJECT ME!..'NOW STOP ALL THIS FUSSIN" THE SOMETHING YELLED "THIS JUICE DOESN'T EVEN HURT, JUST PARALYZES YER NERVOUS SYSTEM FOR A COUPLE YEARS OR UNTIL I EAT YOU UP!!" I FELT A SHARP STING AND STARTED FEELING AWFUL COLD...MY EYES DID BRIGHT CIRCLES AND STARS AND I JUMPED AROUND LIKE A FISH ON A DOCK...I CHOKED ON MY SCREAMS AND I SAW THE RED EYE SMILING DOWN AT ME...THEN I SAW ME FALL OFF A DARK PLACE AND FLOAT WAY DOWN DEEP LIKE A DROWNING LEAF...I ONLY SAW A SPARK OR TWO, THEN BLACK AS BLACK AS INK...





WHEN I WOKE UP I WAS AWFUL STIFF AN SORE BUT I WASN'T WRAPPED UP IN THE MONSTERS CUPBOARD!... I WASN'T EVEN TIED UP ANYMORE!... I LOOKED AROUND AND WAS VERY SURPRISED... THE PLACE WAS WRECKED!! THE CEILING WAS TORN OPEN AND EVERYTHING WAS SMASHED!! I SAW THE THING THAT WAS GOING TO EAT ME... IT WAS SMASHED AND RIPPED TO DEATH... LIKE A BOY WOULD DO TO A CANDY BAR... WHAT COULD DO THIS AN UNTIE ME?!.. I MEAN, IT MUST HAVE BEEN JUST FOR ME, BUT WHY?.. WHAT DID IT?.. I CLIMBED OUT... I FOUND BIG CLAW-LIKE TRACKS ALL AROUND THE MONSTERS HOLE BUT THEY WEREN'T ANYWHERE ELSE... NOT COMING, NOT GOING... I LOOKED AROUND SOME MORE... COULDN'T FIND ANYTHING... I STARTED BACK TO MY RED CAVE... AND NOW I'M BACK AND I'M SITTING IN HERE WRITING THIS AN REALLY WONDERING WHAT SAVED ME... YOU SEE, THIS IS A FUNNY STRANGE WORLD IN THE TUNNELS AND I DON'T FEEL LIKE I BELONG HERE... I FEEL LOST... BUT IN THE TIME I HAVE BEEN DOWN HERE I BEGIN TO REALIZE SOMETHING KNOWS I AM HERE... SOMETHING MUST BE WATCHING ME BECAUSE THIS IS THE SECOND TIME THE CLAW PRINT THING HAS SAVED ME... BUT ONLY WHEN I'M UNCONSCIOUS I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT IT IS.. I GET IN A LOT OF TROUBLE DOWN HERE BUT ONLY WHEN IT IS REAL BAD FOR ME (TWO TIMES NOW) DOES THIS THING COME... I THINK THAT WHEN I CAN MEET THIS 'CLAW PRINT' I WILL FIND OUT MANY THINGS ABOUT THIS PLACE, ABOUT HIM AND ABOUT ME... I THINK HE WILL GIVE ME MY NAME BACK..

THE END

JUNKWAFFEL

by VAUGHN BODÉ

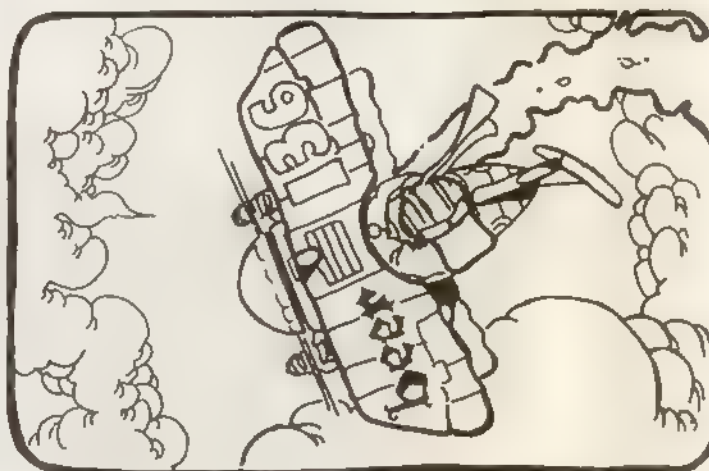


BEIN A FLASHY
FIGHTER PILOT
NOT ALL IT'S
CRACKED UP
TO BE...



EESH, I HASN'T SPOTTED
AN ADVERSARY ALL DAY...
I GETTIN' ALL CRAMPED UP
AN NERVOUS TO DO SOMEPIN'.

MAN, IS I BORED OF PATROLIN' A SKY
FULL OF NOTHIN BUT CLOUD... GOTTA SWITCH
TANKS HERE... TAP DA OL' FUEL GAUGE, ADJUST
ME TRIM TAB... SURE WOULD BE LOTS A' GREAT
FUN TO FLY THROUGH DEM CUMULUS CLOUDS...

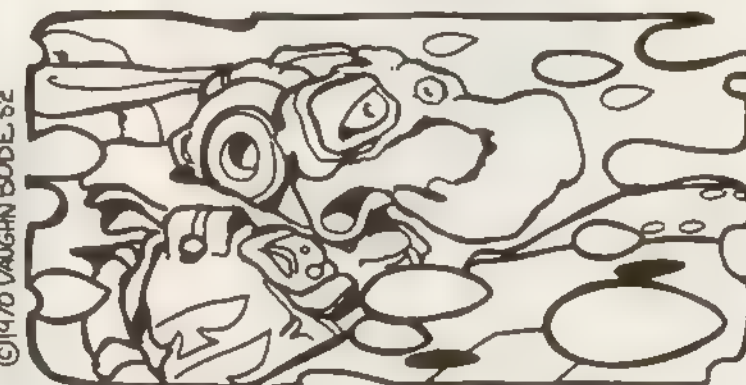


I'LL JUS' DO A CLEVER BARREL ROLL AN
SWOOP INTO DIS BIG OL' FAT CLOUD....

HEY! I CAN'T SEE
NOTHING BUT FOG!!



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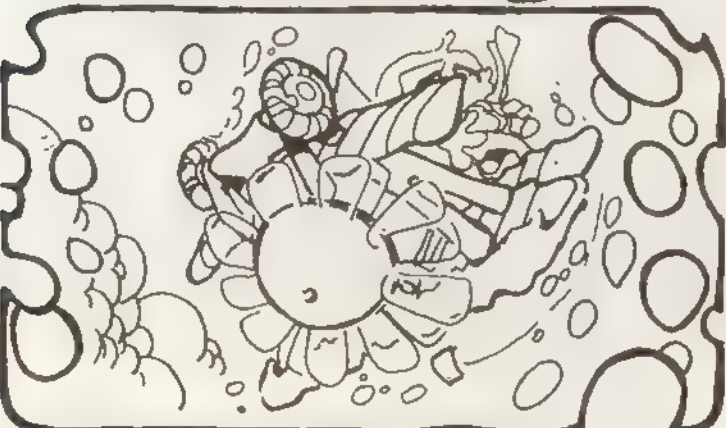


HOWA!

IT'S SNOWIN AN
BLOWIN IN HERE!
OH MAN, DOES I
THINK I HAS DONE
A STUPID THING.

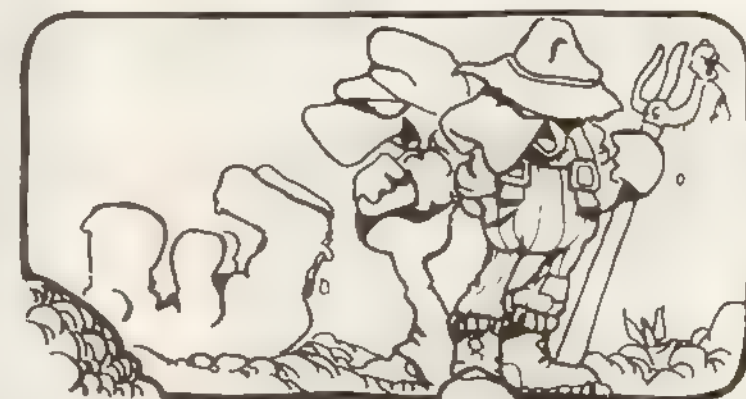
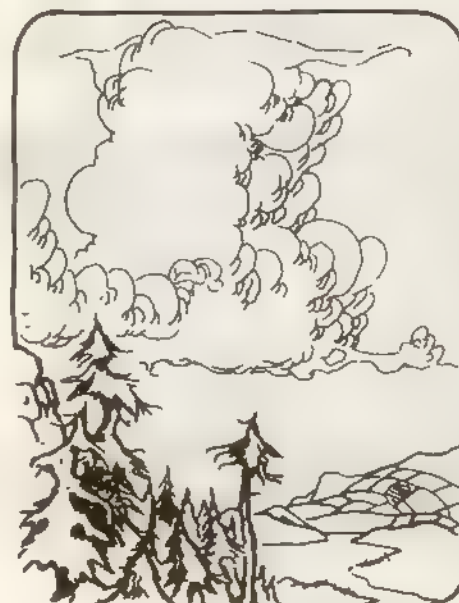
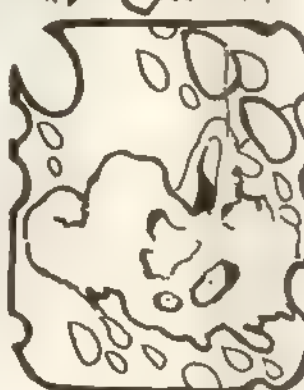
CRASH

ZOW! I IS BEIN'
TOSSED ABOUT LIKE
A PIECE OF CABBAGE!!



HELP! ME
AEROPLANE IS
COMIN' APART!

ARCH!

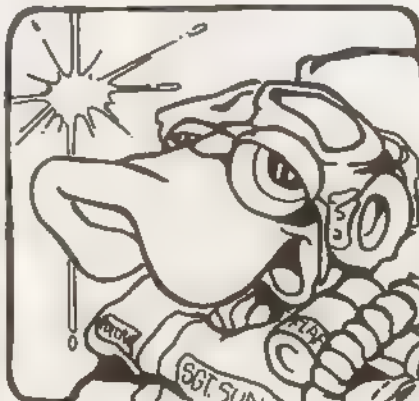
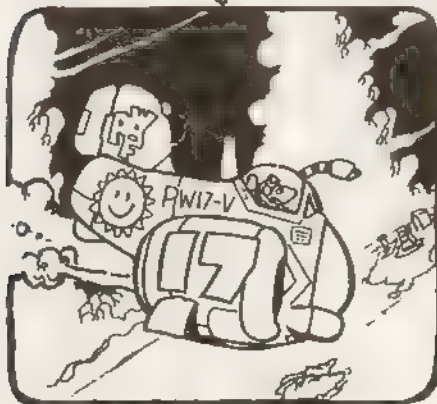


BOY, IF DAT NOT DA
BIGGEST, WEIRDEST
HAILSTONE I EVER SAW
WIF MY OWN TWO EYES...

LET'S PUT A TENT
OVER IT AN CHARGE
A NICKEL A LOOK...

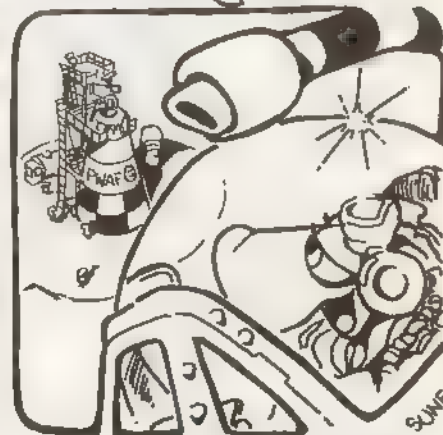
ZOOKS! THE FIRST LIZARD IN ORBIT

LAVENDER DUNE ROCKET BASE, DIS IS SERGEANT SUNFLOWER, IN POLLYWOG 17-V VICTOR, I WANTS PERMISSION TO ENTER YOUR AREA FOR A LANDING...



I THINK I'LL BUZZ DA LAUNCH PAD...

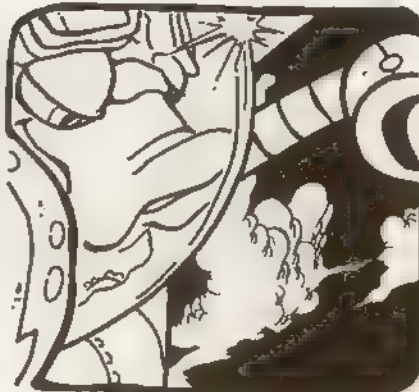
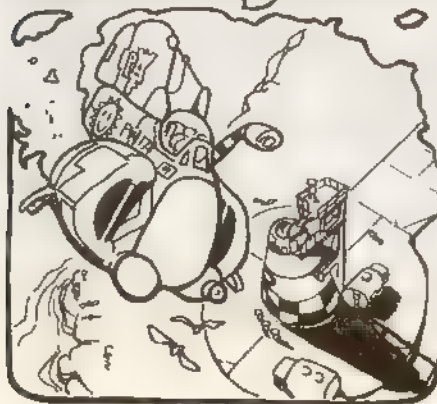
MAN, WHO WOULD'A THOUGHT, ME SGT SUNFLOWER GONNA BE THA FIRST LIZARD IN HISTORY TO GO INTO ORBIT!



PW17-V VICTOR, YOUSE GOT CLEARANCE TO LAND, JUST DON'T BUZZ DA LAUNCH PAD.

HEY, DAT'S A GREAT IDEA!!

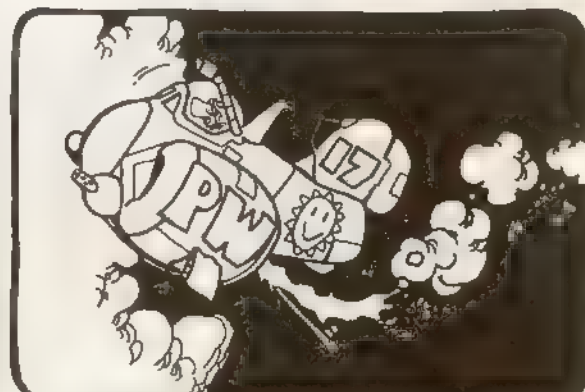
HOT STUFF!!...MY MOMMY, REST HER EGG LAYIN' SOUL, WOULD BE PROUD TO KNOWS HER BOY, SUNFLOWER, GONNA BE THA FIRST LIZARD EVER TO GO INTO ORBIT, AN DAT'S MY ROCKET DOWN THERE!



OKAY, OKAY, DON'T BUST YER FAT FLAP! I'LL LAND IN A HOUR OR SO.

JUS' LOOKIT DAT BEAUTIFUL MOTHER!!

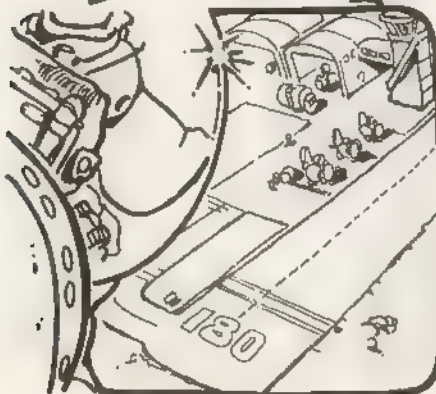
SERGEANT SUNFLOWER, DIS IS LAVENDER DUNE CONTROL. TOLD YOUSE NOT TO BUZZ DA DUNE ROCKET!!



COUGH SPUTTER!! YIPES! I'IS OUTTA FUEL!

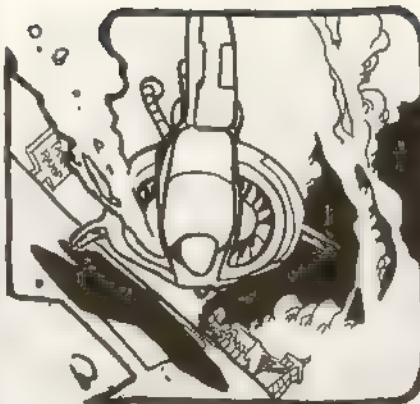
SAY YOUSE GUYS
IN DA TOWER,
I IS OUTTA' FUEL!
SHOULD I BAIL
OUT OF MY MACHINE?

SERGEANT SUNFLOWER,
YOU IS RIGHT OVER DA
STUPID RUNWAY WHY
DON'T YOU GUDE IN FOR
A DEAD STICK LANDING.



WELL, OKAY, I'LL LAND,
BUT I'D RATHER BAIL
OUT. I GOT A NEW CHUTE
I WANTS TO TRY...

SUNFLOWER,
DON'T LAND.
YOU FORGOT!



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STREECH!



SERGEANT, YOU
BUMBLING DOPE
YOU FORGOT TO PUT
YOU WHEELS DOWN!

SORRY BOUT DAT...
MY MIND'S ON
DA TRIP I TAKEN'
INTO ORBIT...

SGT SUNFLOWER,
DAT'S THA' SECOND
PW-17 YOU HAS
WRECKED UP DIS
WEEK WOT DA TROB?

WELL, DOC BEANBAG, I IS
A LITTLE APPREHENSIVE,
BOUT DIS ORBITAL FLIGHT I
GOIN TO MAKE MY RAZOR-
LIKE TIMIN' IS OFF A HAIR...



YOUSE BETTER MAKE SURE
YOU DONE EVERYTHING
YOU GOTTA DO (IF YOUSE
KNOW WOT I MEAN) WE GOT
TO GET YOU INTO DA SPACE SWIT

UM, CAN I, ANH, HAVE
ANOTHER RHUBARB
SANDWICH? MAN, I JUS'
DIGS RHUBARB ON BREAD
WIF ALL MY HEART...

I THINKS
YOU MEAN
YOU IS A
LITTLE
CHICKEN...

ANH, NO, I IS A
LITTLE-LIZARD.
CHICKENS GOT
FEATHERS, AN
LIKE DAT...

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LISTEN, SUNFLOWER, I
WANTS TO MAKE DIS
PERFECTLY CLEAR, YOU
IS TO GO FOR 3 ORBITS
ONLY, WE DON'T KNOW
HOW SPACE EFFECTS LIZARDS.

HOW BOUT IF
I DON'T GO AT ALL,
I'LL JUS' MAKE
UP WHAT YOU
WANTS TO KNOW
AN TELL YOU...

SGT SUNFLOWER,
YOU IS ACTING
AWFUL NERVOUS
BOUT DIS FLIGHT..

LOOK, NO LIZARD EVER
HAD DA BAD LUCK TO
GO INTO ORBIT BEFORE..
ESH, I FEELS KINDA SICKISH.

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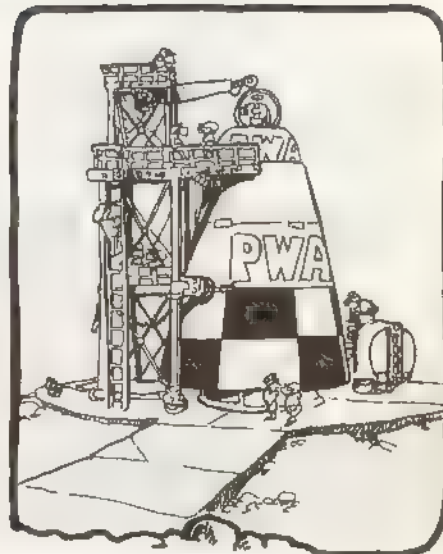
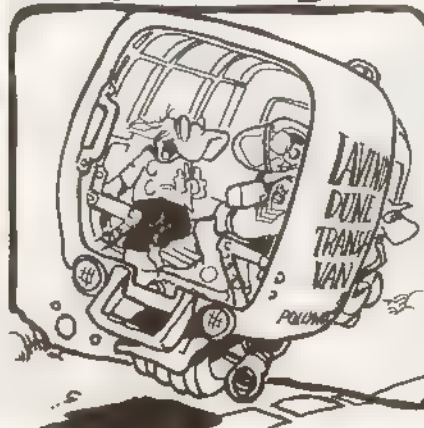


MUST BE DA FINE RUMBARR
SANDWICHES YOU ATE
IN DA LOCKER ROOM..

NOPE, IT MORE
A LIGHT, FLUFFY
FEATHERY FEEUN.

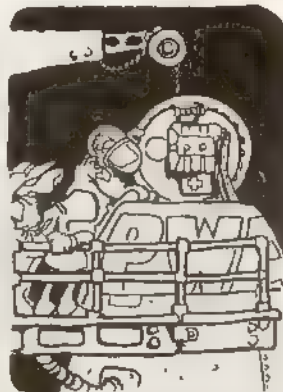
AHH, YOU ADMIT
YOU IS TURNIN'
CHICKEN!....

ALL I KNOWS IS
MY DRUMSTICKS
IS SHAKIN'....

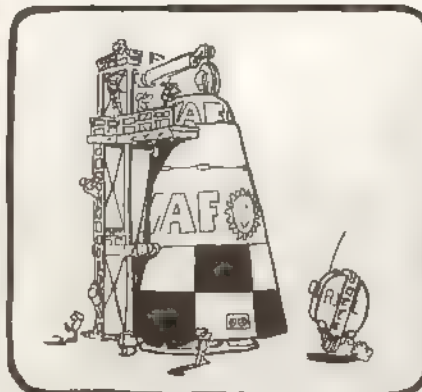


OKAY, SUNFLOWER, IAD, YOU
THINKS YOU CAN MANAGE
DA LADDER ALL RIGHT?.. OUR
SPACE BUDGET DOESN'T GOT NO
ROOM FOR FRIVOLITIES.

I WISH IT DIDN'T EXIST...
I CAN MANIPULATE DA
STUPID LADDER IF
SOMEBODY HAUL UP
MY LUNCH PAIL ..



WELL, HERE IT IS, PUMPKIN
BALL!.. IT GOING TO BE
YOUR HOME FOR 3 ORBITS
AROUND OUR WORLD.. HOW
I DO ENVY YOU SERGEANT.



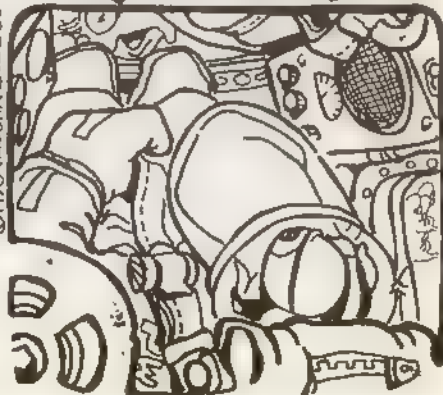
IT TELLS YOU WHAT,
YOU DOESN'T HAS TO
ENVY ME, DOC, I'LL LET
YOUSE GO IN MY
PLACE ANY DAY...

JUS' SHUTUP
AN STRAP IN..

WE GONNA LOWER
DA HATCH CLOSE...
SUNFLOWER, DIS IS
A HISTORIC MOMENT
FOR ALL LIZARDS!

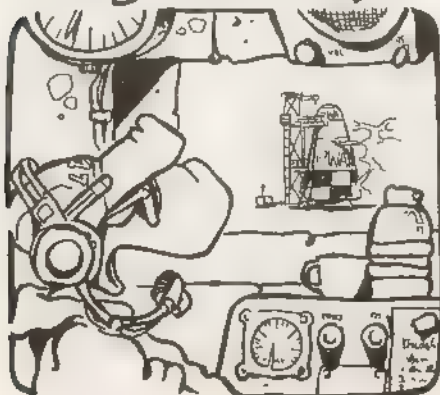
WHAT IS? CLOSING A
HATCH? HOWS DAT A
HISTORICAL?.. MILLIONS
OF HATCHES CLOSE EVERY
DAY... I WANNA GET OUT--

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PUMPKIN BALL, DIS
IS LAVENDER DUNE
CONTROL. DA COUNT
IS COMMENCING
FOR LAUNCH...

SEAT BELT, BUCKLED,
HATCH CLOSED,
CHUTE PINS ARMED,
CABIN PRESSURE
IS 2½ RS. I. TAP, TAP



30
SECONDS
TO
IGNITION

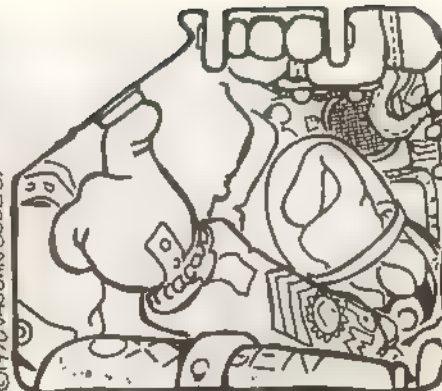
ANH...FUEL ARM ON, MIXTURE
FULL RICH, CABIN LIGHT ON,
OXYGEN BOTTLE HISsing
AND ON, OVERHEAD FAN
ON, PENCILS, STOWED...

20
SECONDS
SERGEANT
SUNFLOWER

LET'S SEE, GYRO ADDITUDE,
CONTROL, WOUND UP AN GOIN'
TACOMETER, SET OMPHALTIMETER
SETTING, ~~SE~~NEVEL. MY CLOCK
SEEM TO BE A LITTLE SLOW...



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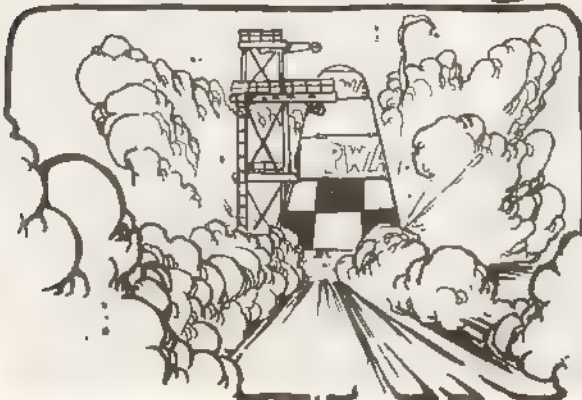
10 SECONDS,
STAND BY TO
MOVE
GANTRY...

ROGER,
IGNITION!!

9..
8..
7..

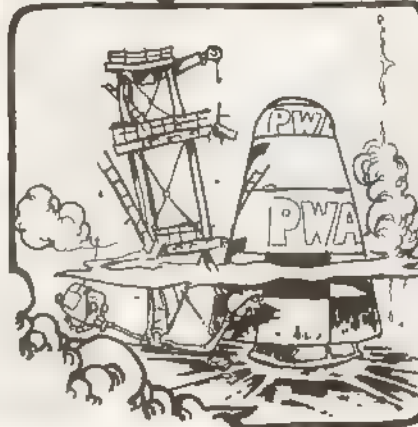
KUNK!

YAHOO,
I HAS
IGNITION!



SHUT IT DOWN
YOU LAMEBRAIN TOAD,
WE HAVEN'T FINISHED DA
COUNT, WE GOT TO MOVE DA
GANTRY BACK YET!!

HEY, DON'T YELL OR I'LL QUIT! I TOLD
YOUSE I WAS NERVOUS, I GOT A TIC IN
MY TRIGGER FINGER...DO WE ABORT?..



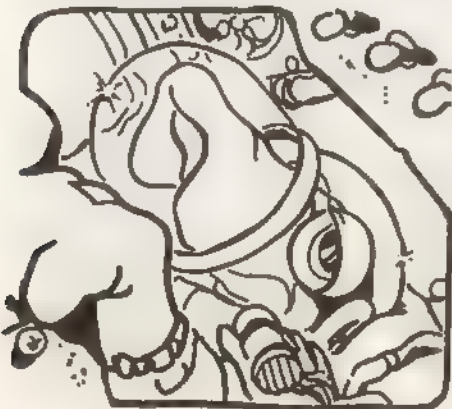
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YES, WE COULD HAVE
ABORTED TODAY, BUT
DA' GANTRY JUST FELL
OVER, SO WE MIGHT'S
WELL RESUME DA' COUNT..

SOMEBODY CAN
ALWAYS TOSS ME
A ROPE TO CLIMB
DOWN AN THEN I
CAN GO HOME...

SGT SUNFLOWER, YOUSE HAS GONE AN SCREWED UP OUR WIRE COUNTDOWN BY IGNITING TOO SOON. SO, THE DOC SAYS JUST TO GO AHEAD AN GO ON UP...



OKAY
SOURPUSSSES,
1, 2, 3,
GO!

KUNK!

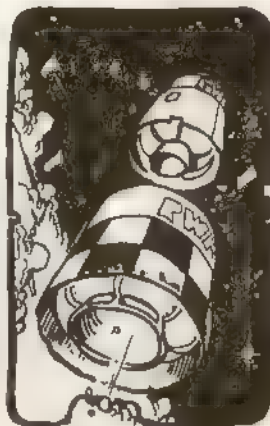
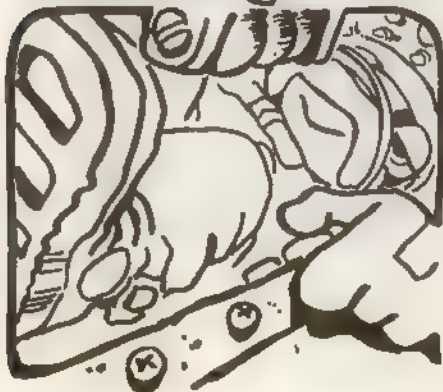
WE HAVE LIFTOFF AT 10:32 AM. ROLL PROGRAM PROCEEDING ALONG ALMOST NORMALLY.... 'SIGH'

MAN, THE G FORCES IS MOOSHIN' MY FLAPPY MOUTH PARTS ALL OVER MY FACE PLATE!

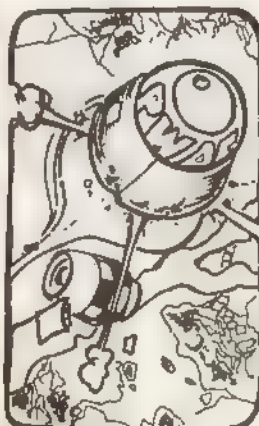
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LAVENDER DUNE, DIS IS ME IN PUMPKIN BALL 'Z EVERYTHING MOVIN' JUST FINE UP HERE... I SHOOTIN' UP LIKE A ARPKET, SO TO SPEAK. OOP, MY CLOCK JUS RUNG, IT TIME FOR STAGING...



CHUNK



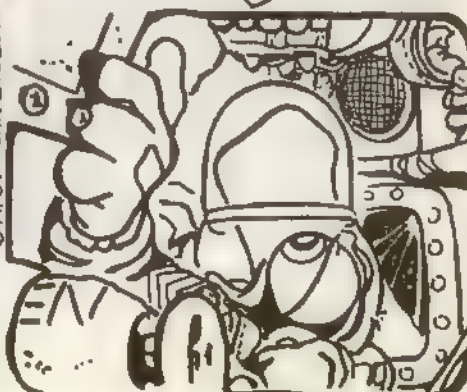
BUMP



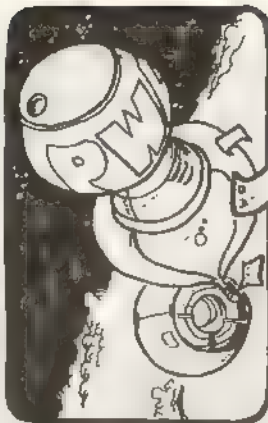
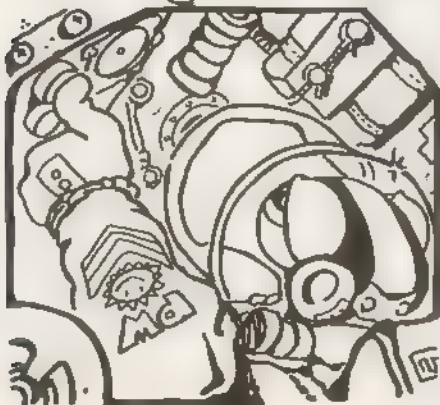
WDOOSH

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WOW DIS IS FANTASTIC !!
I IS GOIN' OVER 6000 BIG ONES AN HOUR AND.. I IS.. 35 MILES UP ALREADY!! BOY, I WISH MOMMY WAS HANGIN' AROUND TO SEE DIS!!



HELLO, DIS IS SGT SUNFLOWER IN PUMPKIN BALLZ AGAIN...ITS READY FOR FINAL STAGING, DAT LAST BIG PUSH INTO ORBIT AN INTO LIZARD HISTORY !.

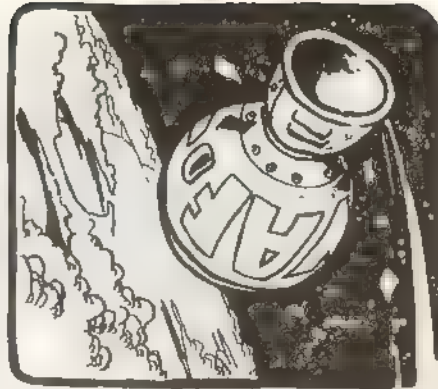


BUNK



MAN IS MOVIN' !
STANDBY AHH STANDBY
FOR ONBOARD ENGINE
SHUTDOWN! .7 SECONDS..
OH BOY, OH BOY, OH BOY

SHUTDOWN
ALL ENGINE ARM OFF,
FUEL VALVES CLOSED!...



**EEYAHOO!!
I IS IN ORBIT!!**

I GOTTA TAKE DIS DUMB HELMET OFF NOW DAT I IS IN ORBIT.. OUCH, MY FAT FLAP, ONE OF DA DRAWBACKS TO BEIN' A LIZARD IS A FAT FLAP.



PUMPKIN BALLZ, DIS IS LAVENDER DUNE CONTROL. OUR TRACKIN' STUFF CONFIRMS YOUSE IN ORBIT. YOU HAS DONE GREAT SO FAR, SGT. SUNFLOWER!..



..NO THANKS TO YOU SCUM ON DA GROUND...

I GONNA LET YOU LOWLY MOLES IN ON SOMETHING... BEIN' IN ORBIT, WAY UP ABOVE DA RIFF RAFF AN PETTINESS OF LIZARDKIND BEIN IN ORBIT GIVE ME CERTAIN FEELINS OF SUPERIORITY I HASN'T EXPERIENCED BEFORE.. I IS THINK OF RULING DA UNIVERSE!!



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**YES YAHA, I IS DA ONE
RULER OF DA ENTIRE
GALACTIC SHMEAR!!**

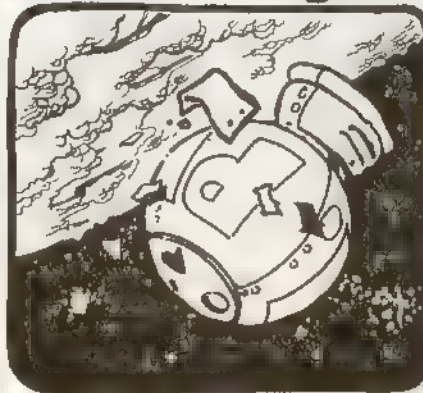


DA SGT.
DONE
FLIPPED
HIS FAT
PINECONE.

SUNFLOWER, LAD THIS IS
DOC BEANBAG LISTEN TO
ME, BOY I THINK YOU IS
SUFFERIN FROM LACK OF
OXYGEN. IS YOU LISTENING?

NOW, MY BOY, YOU
HAS TO TURN DA
OL' OXYGEN FLASK
UPSIDE DOWN SO
IT WILL FLOW OUT

THERE AIN'T NOT
NO GRAVITY UP
HERE, YOU COWERING
PEASANT, BUT I COULD
MAKE SOME IF I WANT..



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WAIT A MO' A THOUGHT
COMES CREEPIN' INTO
MY CRANIAL AREA... I
THINKS I'LL GO OUTSIDE
FOR A WALK... YES!!

**NO
SUNFLOWER
DON'T!!**

SUNFLOWER! THIS IS THA
DOC, YOUR FRIEND!.. YOU
MUST NOT GO OUT FOR A WALK!
DO YOU UNDERSTAND? A SPACE
WALK IS A NO NO!!



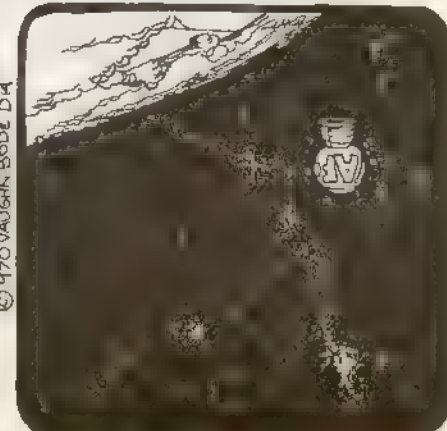
NOTHING'S A NO NO WHEN
YOU RULES DA ENTIRE
GALACTIC SHMEAR!... I GOIN'
OUTSIDE FOR A STROLL...

I'LL JUS DEPRESSURIZE
DA CABIN SO I CAN OPEN
DA OL' HATCHARD HERE..
WHERE IS DAT VALVE?.. I
GOTTA STAND UP AN LOOK
AROUN FOR IT... UMPH.

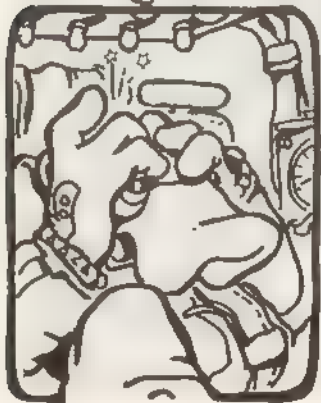


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SUNFLOWER! ANSWER ME BOY!
GOOD HEAVENS I THINK THA JERK
HAS GONE OUTSIDE FOR A WALK!!



OOOOOH
MY POOR HEAD...



SUNFLOWER, ANSWER ME
BOY! ANSWER DA OLD DOC!
AN SAY YOU ALL RIGHT... SMIF!
I THINK DA POOR SLOB BOUGHT IT.

AHH PUMPKIN
BALL! I HERE...
WHAT'S UP, DOC?

SGT. SUNFLOWER!!
YOU IS ALIVE AN
WELL LIVIN' IN DA
PUMPKIN BALL!
YOU DIDN'T DO THAT!
KAMAKAZI STROLL!!



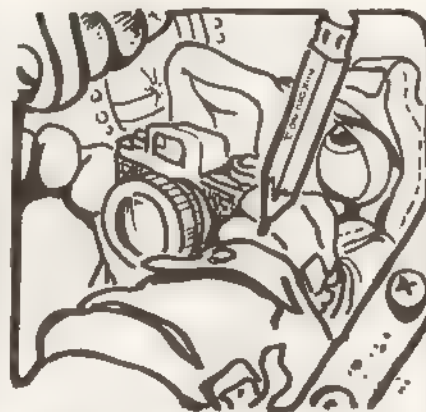
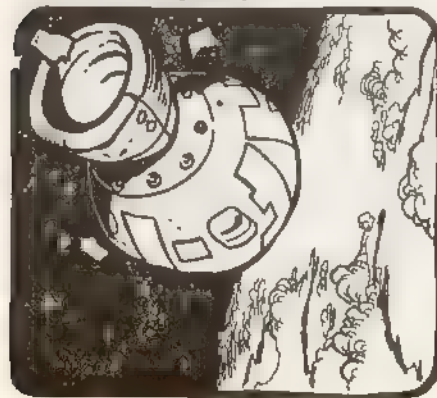
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NOPE, I ALMOST DID BUT I
KNOCKED MYSELF OUT. I IS
OKAY NOW. I FIGURES IN ALL
DA EXCITEMENT I BREATHED
UP TOO MUCH OXYGEN...

CAN THA SMALL TALK
SERGEANT, AN GET ON
WIF YER CHORES. DA
GOV NOT SEND YOU UP
TO PUSSYFOOT AROUND!

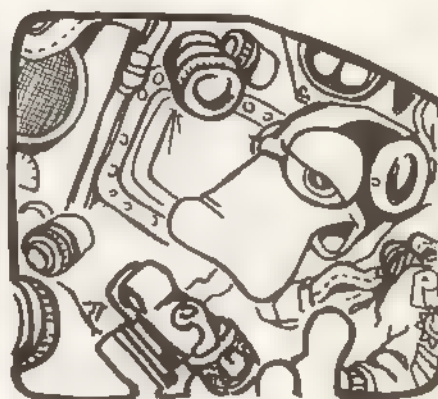
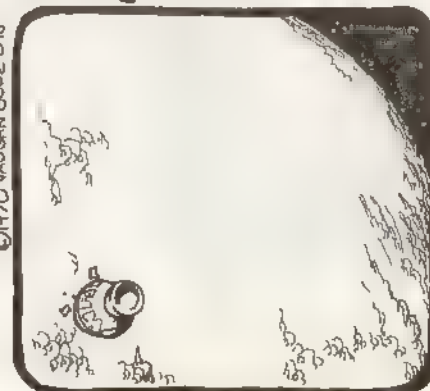
PUMPKIN BALL! DIS IS LAVENDER
DUNE CONTROL. (NO THANKS, I DOESN'T
WANT ANY MORE COCOA) AHH, YOU IS INTO
YER THIRD ORBIT. HAVE YOU SHOT
PILES OF GOOD PICTURES YET, SERGEANT?



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WELL, I IS TRYIN TO BUT STUFF KEEPS
FLOATING AROUND IN HERE. NOBODY
TOLD ME I GOT TO CONTEND WIF STUFF
DAT FLOATS AROUND ALL DATIME...

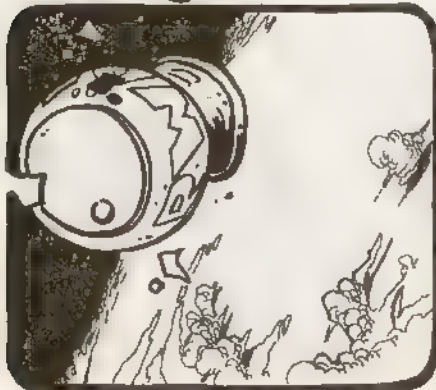
THERE WE GO! I GOT SOME GREAT
SHOTS OF MY REFLECTION IN DA
WINDOW! ALSO, IF I PUTS DA CAMERA
TIMER ON I CAN JUS LET IT FLOAT IN
FRONT OF ME AN IT TAKES MY PICTURE...



SEE HERE, SUNFLOWER.
YOU GOTTA PREPARE FOR
RE-ENTRY. HAS YOU GOT
A BUNCH OF PICTURES OF
OUR GREAT WORLD?...

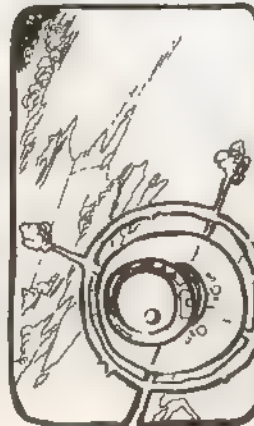
OH, DAT. AHH!
WELL... I AHH...
I DON'T GOT
NO FILM LEFT.

AWH. FORGOT WHAT I WAS GONNA SAY...
OH YES, DIS IS, SGT SUNFLOWER IN DA
PUMPKIN BALL!... DA BIG HAND AN DA
LITTLE HAND SAY IT TIME I WAS STARTIN'
MY RE-ENTRY. I ABOUT TO FIRE ME RETROS.



OKAY NOW, DADS IT JUS'
I JUST HAS TO ALIGN DIS
WINDOW LINE WIF DA
HORIZON. DATS DA STUFF.
RETRO FIRE!!

RID!

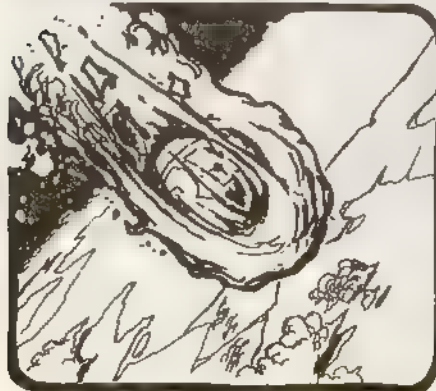


DOOM



**YOUCH, I IS
BURNIN' UP!**

OW OUCH! DA WHOLE
STUPID SHIP IS RED HOT!! DIS
RE-ENTRY JUST GOTTA STAND AS DA
WORSE MOMENT IN MY LIFE!! ESH



MAN, IT'S HOT! WDEE!
DA GLASS ON DA ALTIMETER JUST POPPED.
MY EYEBALLS IS LIKE FRIED EGGS AN DA
G*15 SQUASHIN' IN MY FACE... WHICH
BEIATEDLY REMINDS ME DAT I FORGOT TO
PUT ME HELMET BACK ON... **UGH..**



**HEY WAIT... YEP! ..IT GETTIN
COOLER, AN DA FIRE BALL IS GONE.
OUT.. I MUST BE PLUNGED DOWN INTO
DENSER ATMOSPHERE ALREADY...**

NOW ALL I GOTTS TO DO IS UNSCREW
DA HATCH AN POP OPEN DA PARACHUTE
BY HAND. YOU CAN TELL THIS NOT
EXACTLY AN, APOLLO BUDGET...



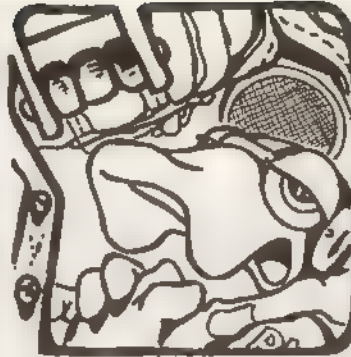
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WOW DAT RE-ENTRY WAS
HOTTER DEN A TAMALE
PEPPER CONVENTION... BUT ENOUGH
AKUSING, I GOTTA GET DA' CHUTE OUT OR
I'LL BE LOOKIN LIKE GREEN MASHED POTATO...



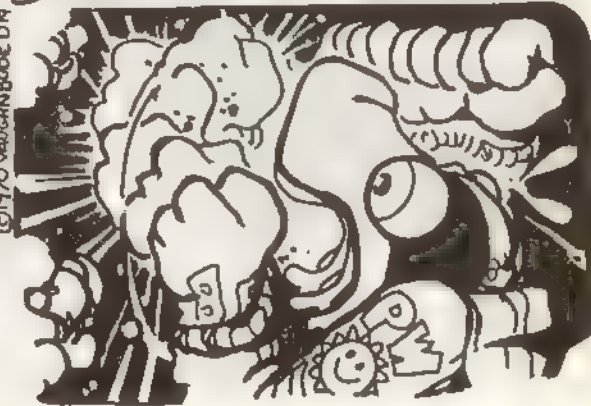
HUM. DA' HATCH SEEM
TO BE STUCK....



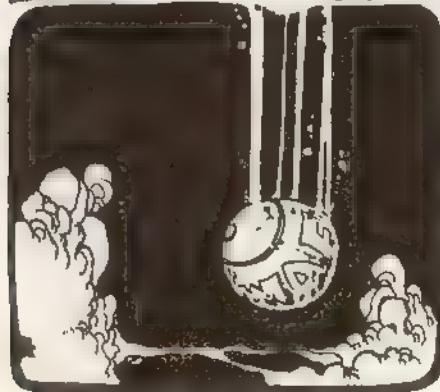
WHEN ONE HAS TO DEPLOY HIS
MAIN CHUTE MANUALLY BY SUFFIN'
IT OUT DA HATCH, AN DAT HATCH
WON'T OPEN UP AN IT MEANS
YOU GONNA DIE... THERE ONLY
ONE COOL THING TO DO.....

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BOOM BOOM BOOM
PUMMEL PUMMEL BANG!
CLAW!



ROUND!
CLAW SCRAPE
KICK BEAT! **OPEN UP**
YA STINKIN
HATCH!

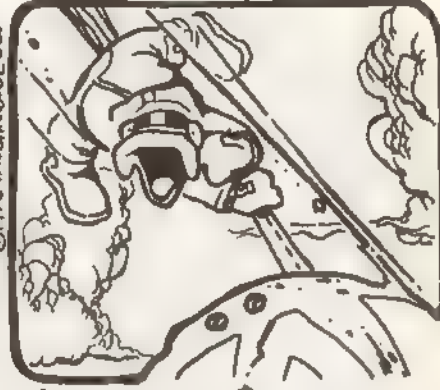


I GOTTS TO PUSH WIF
ALL ME LITTLE MIGHT...
UGH..ERRUMPH!

PLANG
HOOSH **ARGH!**



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MOTHER!

RACK! OOF!

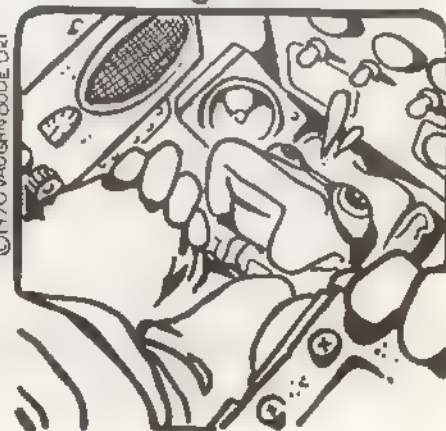


GASP! I... I ALMOST GOT THROWN OUT OF DA SHIP! DAT WAS TOO CLOSE! ME LITTLE TICKER STILL BUMPIN' LIKE A BUTTERFLY IN HEAT... [I WONDERS IF DA CENSORS WILL LET DAT ONE GO]...



I BETTER STRAP IN, KNOWING COOL BODE. I GOT DA FEELING HE GONNA MAKE SURE I HAS A ROUGH LANDING.. DIS STRIP NOT DA CUSHIEST JOB I HAS HELD. TROPICAL DUTY WIF GIRLS IS NICE..

OOOH MAN, I JUS' KNOWS DIS SMASHDOWN GONNA HURT LIKE CRAZY.. ANY SECOND, I GONNA HIT ANY SECOND..



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ESH, HERE IT COME... I CAN HEAR DA GROUND WHISTLING CLOSER! I DONT SUPPOSE I'LL HAS DA LUCK TO LAND IN A LAKE OR RIVER OR SOMETHIN' LIKE DAT...



SO, I LANDS IN A BROKEN DOWN, DRIED UP CREEK BED! NICE GOIN' BODE... **OOOH...** I GOT A ANFUL LOT OF BROKEN BONES AN STUFF!..

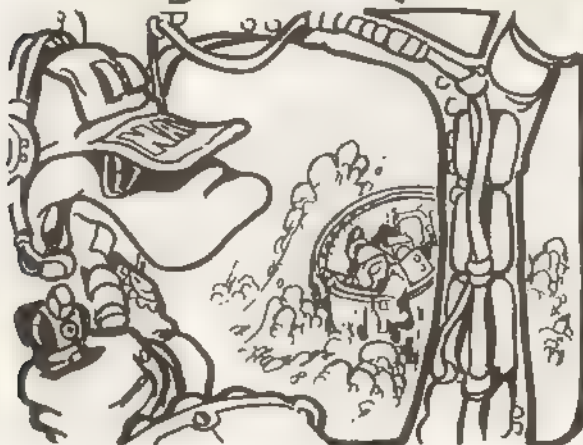


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BONG THUMP BASH

SERGEANT SUNFLOWER,
IS YOU OKAY?!

OOOH I THINK I IS DEAD.



YUCK! WHAT A
MESS! WAIT TILL THA'
CREW SEE DIS.. BETTER
BRING A STRETCHER...

OOH OUCH! NOW DAT HURTS!
I JUST KNOWS I GOT 400 BROKEN BONES..



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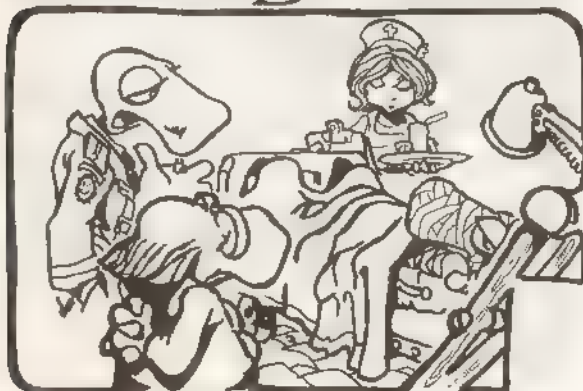


WELP, IT'S OFF TO A
NICE CUSHY HOSPITAL
IN THE TROPICS FOR
YOU, SERGEANT.. ALL
THOSE PRETTY GIRLS EH?

OOOOH
DA IRONY
OF THINGS..
OUCH!..

EPICLOUE TO SERGEANT SUNFLOWER'S ORBITAL MISSION

AN FURTHER MORE, YOU GETS
A BATTLEFIELD PROMOTION AN
TWO DAYS LEAVE WHICH YOU
WILL SPEND SIGNING AUTOGRAPHS
WITH YOUR GOOD HAND...



OF COURSE, SUNFLOWER YOU CANT
EXPECT TO RECEIVE PAY WHILE
RECUPERATING, BUT AS SOON
AS YOU IS OUT YOU WILL
BE DROPPED FROM OUR
AWOL LISTS...

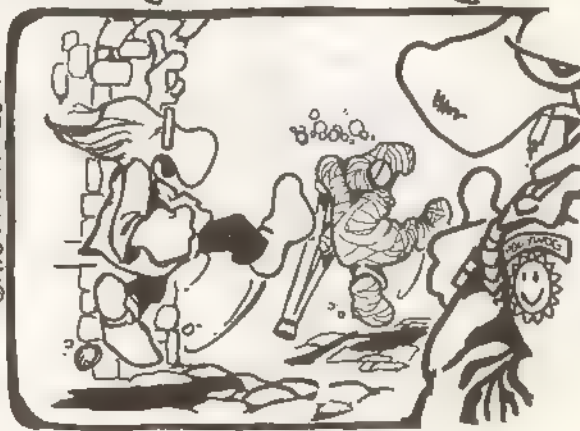
AND FINALLY, WE HAS A BIG
THRILL FOR YOU THE PRES'
HIS SELF HAS SELECTED YOU
TO BE DAT PILOT OF PUMPKIN
BALL II A TWENTY ORBIT
MISSION SOMETIME NEXT WEEK



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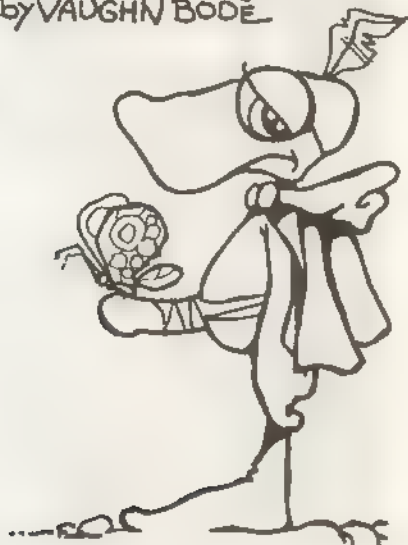
SOMEBODY STOP EM,
BERSERKER!!

EVERYTHING'S
COO COO...



THE AMOROUS ADVENTURES OF PUCK

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OMM...
PUCK, YER
JUS FINE...

I HAS PUSHED
IT IN AS FAR
AS I CAN..I'LL
JUS SIT HERE
AN LET YOU
GROOVE ON IT...



PUCK, YOU
GOT SPLINTERS
IN ME...

IT'S WOOD,
PUSSY BOX, I
TOLD YOU DAT..
DIS IS A MAGICAL
WOOD DILDO...



PUCK PEDALS THROUGH THE OLD
PINE FORESTS OF PHALLIC MOTHER-
FUR...HE PUMPS AND BUMPS OVER
A LONG FORGOTTEN WOODSMAN'S
PATH OF PINE NEEDLE DUST...HE
WONDERS IF HIS DILDO CAME FROM HERE..

THE AMOROUS ADVENTURES OF PUCK

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HEY POONTANG,
HERE COMES
A POLICEMAN,
LET'S ASK HIM
WHERE I CAN GET
SOME GOOD PUSSY..

SHH, QUIET
PUCK, YOU
LAME REPTILE!
JUS BE QUIET
AN COVER UP
DAT STUPID DILDO!

I THOUGHT ORAL
STIMULATION MENT
A QUICKLY PACED
CONVERSATION ABOUT
POLITICS OR POLLUTION
OR SOMETHING LIKE DAT..

HOW COME
IT TASTES
LIKE KNOTTY-
PINE?...



